Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVII. No. 39. MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER 26, 1902. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Sand-Storms.

('Friendly Greetings.')

Once, when Moses was warning the children of Israel of the punishment which would follow disobedience to their Divine Ruler, he made use of words which must have been full of meaning to a people who had spent forty years in the desert: 'The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust' (Deut. xxviii., 24). Those who have never experienced it can form no idea of the horrors and sufferings of a sandstorm in the desert.

The writer was once travelling from Cairo to Gaza, by what is called the 'long desert route.' Week after week the same glare and heat oppressed the travellers; the parched tongue clung to the roof of the mouth; the eye could see nothing but endless sand and stones.

WHERE IS THE TRACK ?

We were within a day's journey of the end of the desert, when suddenly there arose behind us a heavy bank of clouds. Thinking these meant rain, I was glad to see them. The camels and their drivers were, however, greatly excited and alarmed. In a minute everybody had got down from his seat, and the wise animals, well aware of what was coming, knelt down with their backs to the storm, and thrust their noses and mouths as deeply as possible into the sand.

Drivers and travellers lay down in the same direction, sheltered as much as possible by the bodies of the camels, and every man covered, head and all, with cloaks and blankets.

There had been no time to lose. The sand-storm burst upon us in all its fury, and who can describe the misery and anxiety of those few minutes while it swept past! The sun was entirely hidden, and, in spite of all our precautions, so fine was the terrible shower of dust that it penetrated under our cloaks, causing the most intense scorching pain about our ears and up our nostrils.

Had the storm continued, we must all have been suffocated; but even when such storms are over all danger is not past, for the fine sand has often drifted into such heaps that the track is entirely lost, and the party have no idea of the way in which to go.

On such occasions whole caravans have been known to perish. An Arab, on one occasion, pointed to a spot among some sandy hillocks where one of the largest caravans that ever came out of Egypt was covered with sand, to the number of several thousand camels.

The only loss which our party sustained was that of a poor horse, which not knowing, as the camels did, what to do, was suffocated, and soon had scores of vultures hovering over its body. For ourselves we might thankfully exclaim, 'Thou hast known us in the wilderness, in the land of great drought,' and through Thy mercy we are spared.

A few days afterwards our party reached Gaza in safety, and each one went his own way. Alas! to many it might be charged, as to the unthankful children of Israel, 'Neither said they, Where is the Lord that brought us up out of the land of Egypt, that led us through the wilderness, through a land of deserts, and of pits, through a land of drought, and of the shadow of death,' so thankless and forgetful are we all apt to be of the mercy which surrounds us in our journey through life.

Victorian India Orphan Society,

The work of the above at Dhar, Central India, is steadily progressing, both boys and girls under the care of the Orphanage, according to the report from the missionaries, showing decided improvement in all respects. Started in 1897, the older orphans then taken in are now beginning to pass from under the sheltering care of the home where they have been taught the way of Life, educated sufficiently to enable them to easily read and study their Bibles and brought up to some trade by which they can earn a comfortable living, and it is very gratifying to hear there is quite a demand for their services. In the issue of this paper of Feb. 14th, an incident was related in which two girls were mentioned by name, Jamna and Kessie, the former being the means under God of saving the life of the latter, who very narrowly escaped drowning in the well; both of these girls have left the Orphanage and gone to homes of their own; both are leading consistent Christian lives, and the elder one, Jamna, in her home some miles away from a Mission Station has gathered together a little class of six poor ignorant women, and is teaching them about Jesus. Surely our work is already bearing precious fruit! Just recently we have had especial cause for thankfulness; our buildings were not nearly large enough for the number of children, and we had not the money to build more; nevertheless a much better building, more than twice as large as the former one with arrangements to meet the present requirements of the Orphanage has been provided for us, and was formally opened on July 1. This wonderful help came in the following manner: Our ten acres of land given by the late Maharajah adjoined the government property which it was necessary to extend to make some required improvements previous to the visit of the Viceroy to Dhar, which is to take place in Novem-

ber. To effect this it was necessary to remove our Orphanage and acquire the land we owned, for which purpose the State offered a much more convenient and more valuable plot of ten acres in exchange, also full compensation for the original value of the old buildings, well, etc. The money thus received covered the necessary outlay for the good new building, all the children doing their utmost to help in the work, the girls carrying bricks, sand, mortar, etc. In this transaction we gratefully recognize our Father's guiding hand and feel inspired afresh to make greater efforts to carry on and enlarge this sorely needed work on which our Master has so signally placed the seal of His approval and blessing. During this present year the Bhil country, which is near to Dhar, has been devastated again by famine, and large numbers of the poor, starving people have been employed on the Relief Works, many crowding into Dhar in the most pitiable condition, terribly emaciated, and scarcely covered with the rags they wore. The British agent's wife provided the materials, and our older girls made over a hundred skirts for the most destitute of the poor women, besides of their own accord daily saving a portion out of their food to give to the most wretched of these poor sufferers. Besides the regular monthly remittances to the Orphanage the Society has been enabled during the summer, through extra contributions, to send thirty dollars ($30.00) for special famine relief.

We gratefully acknowledge the following contributions received from readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' some of whom have become regular subscribers and are maintaining orphans, the entire cost of providing for a child being $17.00 a year through the Society, a fee of $1.00 a year constituting membership:

Mrs. J. T. McElrea, Sidney, Man.	$ 2.00
Presbyterian Sunday School, Sidney, Man.	24.25
Friend, from Orillia, Ont.	1.00
Jr. Y.P.S.C. Endeavor, Tara, Ont.	17.00
Miss Jessie Fisher, Denman Is., B. C.	17.00
Mrs. Milton E. Barrett, Warwick, Ont.	1.00
Mrs. D. W. Malcolm, Scotland, Ont.	1.00
Outremont Sunday School, Montreal.	23.00
E. A. T., Mrs. McMillan and a Reader	4.00
Mrs. McKinnon, Petrel, Man.	5.00
Point Fortune, Quebec, W.C.T.U.	21.00
Other contributions per Editor, 'Northern Messenger.'	5.00
Presbyterian Sunday School, Extension, B.C.	15.00

In the death of the late Rev. Norman Russell, at Mhow, Central India, we mourn the loss of a true friend and most cordial helper, in the early days of our organization, ever willing, when on furlough in Canada, to do all in his power to assure success to our work for the suffering waifs of India. His death is a very severe blow to his brother missionary at Dhar, the Rev. Frank Russell, to whom, under God, we are so largely indebted for all the success which has in so marked a manner attended our work in that far-off benighted land.

Particulars regarding the operations of the Society were given in the February 21st issue of this paper; for further information concerning this work among the famine orphans at Dhar, Central India, kindly apply to the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside street, Winnipeg.

Our Post Office Crusade.

Extracts from Letters Showing the Progress of the Work at Home and Abroad.

"Enclosed please find the sum of $1.00 for the Post-office Crusade. Yours in the work, 'B. A. A.'

'The enclosed $2.00 please use for sending papers to India. I am sure a vast amount of good can be accomplished through the Post-office Crusade. I send the enclosed, hoping that it may be the means of bringing pleasure and comfort to some heart in far-away India.

'A Tenth Giver.'

'Having read in the 'Messenger' of the good done by the Crusade, I thought I would like to send my mite and help in the good cause. Enclosed, please find $3, to use as the Lord directs you. Please just mention, in the 'Mesenger' that you received the amount from

'A Friend.'

'Enclosed, find 50 cents to help along the Post-office Crusade. Yours truly,

'G. L. Starratt.

'Here is another 50 cents,' says another friend of the cause, so up to date, Sept. 8, 1902, since my last letter, $7.00 has arrived. Very many thanks for the prompt response. I shall do my best to spend this money wisely. A missionary who receives the 'Weekly Witness' writes as follows:

'The Hindus who have been receiving the papers are delighted. The Brahmin school-master said to me one day: "I am exceedingly grateful for the papers, and would like to write a note of thanks to the people who send them. I would also like to tell them about some articles in which I have been specially interested."'

This request comes, too: 'I would be grateful if you could send to my address the following papers for the reading-room: 'World Wide,' 'British Weekly,' 'Christian Herald.' Christians, we have an excellent reading-room and it has proved to be a factor for good.'

I am also asked for papers to be sent direct from the office for three native Christians, who read English. The writer says: 'They are faithful, earnest preachers of the Gospel, and I am sure a good religious paper coming to them regularly would stimulate their minds and tend to feed their souls.

'In our work,' this lady continues, 'there are 500 children to teach. The children are delighted to receive a paper or picture cards. I have an opportunity of using almost a limitless supply of papers and Bible cards.' The address is:

MISS M. ARCHIBALD,
Mission House,
Chicacole,
India.

I am frequently asked for the 'British Weekly.' Because of the heavy rate of postage it is not easy for me to procure British literature. Canadians subscribe more freely for American papers than for British ones. Our Mother, Great Britain, sad to relate, is rather behind the times as to the needs of British papers in India, Canada, and other nations belonging to her.

I wrote to the 'British Weekly,' in England, months ago, but never received a reply, so I judged the letter went into the waste paper basket. A few weeks ago I wrote to the London 'Times,' in England. In an amazingly short time I received one of the most courteous letters, with a promise to call attention to the fact of the need of India as regards high-class magazines, etc. So, perhaps, in time, the friends in India will hear from the Mother Country, and the 'British Weekly,' and many other good papers will fairly flood the land in India and Canada.

In the meantime, let us all do what we can to spread pure and beautiful thoughts at home and abroad. Faithfully,

M. E. COLE
112 Irvine Ave.,
Westmount, Que.

P.S.—Mrs. Campbell, in Toronto, has kindly sent over 400 stamps to Nancy Ewing, in the Punjab, India, for her collection. As some one said lately, 'The 'Northern Messenger' is a far-reaching paper.'

The Bible Class which sent $1.00 for the Crusade through Miss Emma Lackner is in Hawksville, Ont., not Hawkesbury, Ont., as given lately.

A Strange Recovery.

('Christians in Khaki.')

At the Wynberg Hospital Camp there was a Royal Artilleryman who was suffering from spinal injury. He found salvation in the Old Country through attending a Salvation Army open-air meeting, but shortly after his arrival in South Africa he became a wretched backslider.

He was in action at the battles of Belmont and Graspan, and whilst many of his comrades were slain and wounded he escaped injury. At the Magersfontein engagement, however, he fell. Early in the battle a bullet crashed through the peak of his helmet and slightly grazed his nose. Later on in the day a far worse misfortune overtook him. A shell from the Boer guns exploded a few yards in front of him; he was thrown from his horse, and a fragment of the shell entered his body, and by some means his spine became dislocated. Almost doubled up, and in a dangerous condition he was removed to the hospital camp at Wynberg. Here he lay on his bed, a great sufferer, for a considerable period.

One day hearing the Salvation Army at their accustomed stand, he asked for and obtained permission to be carried to a nearer position outside. The testimonies delivered so convicted him that upon his return to his tent he straightway gave himself to God, and accepted Christ as the Divine Physician for both body and soul. Some days later he again went to the edge of the camp and listened to the Army. During the progress of the meeting a comrade, 'by way of a lark,' kicked or in some way moved the stick on which he was resting, with the result that he fell upon his back, and, marvellous to relate, by this action his spine again became straightened, and he is now in a fair way to complete recovery.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

BOYS AND GIRLS

On the Seabird's Cliff.

(Caroline K. Herrick, in 'The Youth's Companion.')

'Mother,' cried Duncan Ashcroft one afternoon in May, clattering upstairs with noise enough for a centaur, 'mother, we had a jolly time in school this afternoon! Mr. Brayne gave a lecture,—the great ornithologist, you know—and he said he would answer any questions the boys wanted to ask. So I asked him everything I hadn't been able to find out from the books, and I told him about my photographs; and he said I have been very successful, and he didn't know another observer of my age who had photographed a loon's nest for himself.'

Mrs. Ashcroft looked properly pleased.

'And this is the best part of it, mother,' Duncan went on. 'He told me about a little island just north of the New England coast where he went with a camera last year, and he says I could get a hundred pictures there. There's only a fisherman and his wife on the island. They would take the best care of me, and the board is so cheap that the cost of getting there wouldn't count, and—and—'

The boy stopped to get his breath, while his mother, with a look of utter bewilderment on her face, cried:

'What are you thinking of, Duncan? Do you mean that we should spend the summer in a fisherman's cottage?'

'No, mother,' he answered. 'I suppose it wouldn't be a good place for you, but I could get along very comfortably there; and Mr. Hartley told Mr. Brayne that he believed it was just the thing I needed.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Ashcroft, slowly, 'I am not sure but that it would be a good idea. With your singing and your school work, and the extra time you have put in with your camera, you have had altogether too busy a year, Duncan, and you ought to have a real vacation. I had not thought that we could go anywhere this summer except to Uncle Josiah's, as usual; but you have been there so many times, and this would be a genuine chance for you. It probably wouldn't be at all expensive, either. Well, I'll see about it, dear.'

After a correspondence with Mr. Brayne and the choir-master under whom Duncan sang at St. John's, Mrs. Ashcroft decided that the principal was quite right in thinking that a few weeks spent on the island would be the best kind of a vacation for her city-bred boy.

As a consequence, the eighth of June found Duncan snugly installed in the little attic chamber of Capt. Zebedee Jenks's cottage, the only habitation—except seabirds' nests—on Lonely Isle.

Carefully reared as he was, Duncan Ashcroft had all a healthy boy's delight in 'roughing it,' and the primitive life of the fisherman's home was fascinating to him. His bedroom was unplastered and draughty, but large enough except in height; his head had many a bump on the rafters of the sloping roof. On his first trip to the mainland he bought some shirts of coarse flannel, such as the fishermen wore, and those he had brought from home were laid away, to be used only on special occasions—of which there were not many in the calendar of Lonely Isle.

He proved an apt pupil in the fisherman's craft, and Captain Zebedee and his son Orlando liked to have him with them when about their work, which was almost all upon the sea or the beach.

They cultivated a small garden-patch for the sake of a few vegetables, which could not be procured in any other way; but the sea was their field, and they worked it diligently day and night. So Duncan often rowed the dory, and gathered the herring from the nets in the cold summer dawns, and walked around the beach, lifting the curtains of kelp that hung about the base of the boulders and catching the clumsy lobsters as they tried to scuttle away. His face was brown and his hands hard, and he grew taller and stronger on the plain hard fare of the cottage.

And the birds! Never was there a better hunting-ground for the naturalist. And there was plenty of occupation for every rainy day in writing out the notes, which he took in abundance.

One day was much like another in this simple life, except that the return of Sunday gave a rest from the fishing. Then Captain Jenks sat on the front porch and read the Rivermouth 'Weekly Clarion,' and Mrs. Jenks laid aside her endless knitting and wore a white apron, and Orlando put on a necktie, and Mandy tied her hair with a pink ribbon, and Duncan donned one of his city shirts; and they all walked round the island at sunset.

There were few chances to attend a church service. At long intervals a preacher from one of the villages on the mainland would spend a Sunday on the nearest island, Big Sister, where there were a village, a summer boarding-house and several farms.

Then word was sent round that there would be preaching in the schoolhouse; and, wind and weather permitting, Captain Jenks and his family would sail over to Big Sister and attend service, and Duncan would add his fine young voice to the little choir.

In the evening, Duncan would sit on the door-stone and sing the old, familiar hymns for which he needed no words or notes and his delighted audience could hardly find words in which to express their pleasure.

His voice, well trained by a number of years in the choir, was clear and sweet, and Mrs. Jenks's knitting-needles would often cease to click and her busy hands would drop idly in her lap as she listened.

On rainy days, too, when Duncan sang over his work in the attic chamber, Mrs. Jenks would steal to the foot of the rough stairway and stand, forgetting her household cares and her weariness in her enjoyment of his song.

'I b'lieve I'd know his voice a mile out to sea,' she said to her husband one day. 'There's nothing in the world that I ever heard a bit like it.'

Lonely Isle, on its southern side, rose abruptly out of the sea in a high cliff, the

A ROPE! BRING A ROPE!

top of which was overhung by a fringe of small, wind-twisted cedars and bay bushes.

At the back of the cliff the land fell away in a gradual slope to the level of the sea on the northern shore; a field closely cropped by a flock of nibbling sheep, a grove of pine and cedar, the garden-patch, the 'house place' with the bleaching-green behind the cottage, and in front of the house a grassy slope to the beach and the landing—this was Lonely Isle.

This beach extended about three-quarters around the islet, but under the cliff were only broken rocks, among which the waves tumbled with a monotonous roar, with which blended the shrill cries of the sea-fowl that circled in screaming flocks about the face of the cliff. Thousands of their nests filled the hollows and crevices, and tunnelled the clay banks that had settled in gullies near the summit.

In one of these gullies a landslip had carried away the vegetation, laying bare rock surfaces, in crannies of which the petrels and guillemots had established a colony.

This was in plain sight from the top of the chasm, to the great exasperation of the young naturalist, who often stood on the higher ground and looked longingly down to where, but a stone's throw away, yet quite out of range, were exposed treasures that would have made a priceless picture.

'It would be foolish to try it, and I won't think any more about it,' he would say to himself and turn away, only to return the next day, gaze at the inaccessible nests, and plan how they might be taken.

'I'm sure I could go down at the end of a rope. I could get Orlando to hold the other end with a turn around this tree,' he said, at last, and started for the beach to seek the boy. But Orlando and his father had gone out with their nets.

'What difference does it make after all?' said Duncan. 'I can do it just as well alone, with the rope tied to the tree. Well, here's luck! A rope asking to be used!' and he picked up one that lay coiled on the dock.

Going back to the cliff, he tied his rope securely to the cedar-tree, then fastened the other end about his body, and began slowly and very cautiously to work his way down the short slope that lay between him and the ledge where the coveted nests were placed.

He had calculated carefully the length of rope that would bring him within reach of the nests, but would not admit of his approaching too near the verge of the precipice. The distance was so short that there seemed very little risk in traversing it.

As he crept toward the ledge, the birds that were on the nests flew off, screaming in distress to find their stronghold invaded, circling about him so fearlessly that their wings brushed his face.

Eagerly he reached out toward the end of a jutting ledge for a place to stand.

At the farther end of a narrow fissure he spied the ragged nest of a petrel, its one egg cream white and perfect in form. 'I must get that into the picture!' he exclaimed, and reached out a little farther. It was just too far, and he strained at the rope. At the same instant he was startled to feel the rope suddenly lengthen. His weight was thrown on his right foot, which broke through into a petrel's burrow. This new strain caused the rope to relax again, and, looking up, he was horrified to see that two strands of the rope had parted.

The rope that had seemed to offer itself so opportunely to aid in his adventure was an old one, discarded that morning by Captain Jenks, who had replaced it by a new painter in the boat. Its partially rotted fibre had been easily frayed on the edge of a stone over which Duncan had dragged it back and forth in his movements down the slope. A slight strain or added weight might sever the part that still held. He could not climb up to the point he had left without the aid of the rope, yet to drag upon it would surely part it.

He thought for a moment of dropping down, digging his fingers into the soil and crawling up the gully. But he knew now that the ground beneath his feet was honeycombed with petrels' burrows, and that to break through the surface again would probably dislodge the whole mass and carry him with it over the edge of the cliff.

He grew dizzy at the thought and swayed slightly; as he did so, with his eyes fixed on the rope, he saw the frayed ends uncoil from around the strands that held, causing it to lengthen yet a little more. With his left hand he clutched a cedar bush that grew close beside him, and steadied himself to think. What should he do? What could he do?

Below he heard the roar of the waves, and dared not look over his shoulder to see how near he was to the crumbling brink. Above was a stretch of pasture, where only the grazing sheep could hear his cry for help; yet his only chance lay in that direction. He would try calling.

He raised a shout: 'Help! help!' A sheep that had been nibbling the grass close to the edge, startled by the sudden sound, leaped in the air, so that he saw its head for an instant against the sky. Then it bounded away, its feet loosening some small clods that rolled down the slope.

Again Duncan shouted hoarsely, 'Help! help!' The roar of the breakers swallowed up the sound. He raised his voice to a higher pitch and shrieked, 'Help! help!' The sea-birds took up the cry, and his words were undistinguishable from their shrill notes. He was overwhelmed by the solitude of the place, as much as if he had been drifting alone miles out at sea.

Then there flashed through his mind a recollection of how Mrs. Jenks had said that she should know his voice above the dashing of the waves. Would she? He would test it. It was his last hope. He raised his voice, tremblingly at first, but gaining strength as the habit of song took possession of him. He began the hymn that she loved best; then, at the end of the verse, repeated his cry for help.

Mrs. Jenks was spreading Mandy's best white skirt on the grass of the bleaching-green when her ear caught the strains of the hymn, borne faintly on the wind. She straightened and looked round, listening.

'He's not in his chamber and not on the beach. The sound comes from the pasture, but I can't see the boy anywhere,' she thought, with surprise. The strain was ended, and she bent to her work again; then, starting erect, with eyes of terror, she head the shrill cry that followed the song: 'Help! help!'

'He's on the cliff! Oh, my dear lad!' she cried, and sped away across the pasture.

Duncan had paused after the first cry, listening for any sound indicating that his call had been heard; but the dash of the waves and the screams of the birds were the only sounds he heard. Again he sang, with a despairing thrill in his tones, and had just begun to repeat the cry for help, when a voice from the upland called his name, and the white face of Mrs. Jenks appeared above him.

She wrung her hands in helpless distress when she saw his peril and the impossibility of reaching him; then she cried, 'Hold on a little longer!' and fled across the pasture, repeating over and over again as she ran, 'God keep him steady! God hold the ground under his feet!'

She had undertaken to help him. But how should she do it?

The answer came in a rattle of oars dropped into the boat, the grating of a keel on the beach. Her husband had returned.

'A rope! Bring a rope!' she shouted. 'Duncan's over the cliff!'

Captain Jenks seized the new painter by which he was just about to secure the boat. It was tied fast in the bow, but he freed it with a slash of his knife, and ran, coiling the rope around his arm.

On reaching the verge of the cliff, he found Duncan still clinging to the cedar bush and the rope; but the several strands had untwisted for a distance of more than a foot, and the unsevered portion was strained tight, while the bush was beginning to loose its hold on the thin soil that covered the surface of the rock. So fearful was the boy that the least motion might disturb his insecure footing, that he did not even raise his head when he heard the welcome sound of Captain Jenks's voice above him, saying:

'Hold on a minute longer, sonny, and we'll have you out of that!'

Duncan felt a tremor of the rope he held, but dared not turn his head to see what caused it. Captain Jenks was looping the new rope, which fell against the old one. He took up the coil, and leaning forward, with the coolness and skill of an old fisherman, dropped the loop within reach of Duncan's hand.

Then they watched while he loosed his hold of the cedar bush to grasp the rope and pass it around his body. Then, as the strong hand that held the rope felt the boy's weight drawing on it, the old fisherman breathed a sigh of relief, and his wife ejaculated a fervent 'Thank God!'

With the assistance of the rope, it needed but a few steps to bring the boy to a safe foothold on the firm turf of the upland, where the knees that had held so steady before began to tremble.

'Lean on me, boy,' said Captain Zebedee, fearing he would fall. Duncan leaned against his shouder and glanced down at the rope that still hung about his waist. Mrs. Jenks's sympathetic eye perceived a look of distress clouding the expression of joy and relief that had shone in his face, and passing her arm around his neck, she asked, anxiously, 'Are you hurt, bad, Duncan?'

No, Duncan was not hurt, nor did he faint; but the enthusiasm of the naturalist, that had deserted him in the time of his peril, was strong within him again, and he answered, 'I'm all right, Mrs. Jenks, but I wish I'd thought to hold to my camera. I have lost the dandiest lot of plates I ever made in all my life!'

'Youngster,' said the old fisherman, seri-

ously, 'I guess you don't rightly understand that when I came here just now it looked much more than likely that all your life would be over in about five minutes. I reckon you're wuth a heap more to your mother than a picture o' seadoves' eggs is wuth to you.'

The young naturalist did not feel it then, but the day soon came when he realized the debt of gratitude he owed the old captain and his wife.

A Thirsty Orchid.

A most interesting plant that draws water for itself when thirsty has recently been found in South America. The Chicago 'Inter-Ocean' describes it:—

'One hot afternoon,' says Mr. Suverkrop, the discoverer, 'I sat down under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand there was a forest of dead trees, which had actually been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, and stretching over the water of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common "planta del ayre" grew on it and a network of green cacti twined round it.

'Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp, lance-head shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the centre or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick by one-fourth inch wide, the lower end of which was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

'I at once went over to examine my discovery. Imagine my surprise, when I touched the plant, to see this centre stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral-like roll of tape.

'But more surprising yet was the object and construction of this stem. I found on close examination and dissection that it was a long, slender, flat tube, the walls about one-thirty-second of an inch thick, cellular in construction, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner to the roots of a series of hair-like tubes.

'By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in want of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the amount of water that that part of the tube which had been immersed contained, until when the final coil was taken the water was dumped, as it were, direct into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. Should the plant, however, be touched while the tube is extended the orchid acts like the sensitive plant (mimosa) and the coiling is more rapid.'

FROM THE REV. J. MAY, FRANKTOWN, ONT.

Franktown, Ont.,
Sept. 8, 1902.

Messrs. J. Dougall & Son, Montreal:

Gentlemen,—I am much pleased to learn that you propose to bind our 'World Wides' for us if sufficiently encouraged. You may put my name on your list. I cannot tell you how much I value this noble publication. Some of the articles are most admirable, whilst all are good. I eagerly devour it every week. It is just what was long wanted on this Continent, and its failure, from lack of adequate appreciation, would be a disgrace to Canada. It is good value for ten times its cost, and I wish you all success in this noble venture. Yours truly,

J. MAY.

How the Lee Boys Reformed

(By Mary Sweet Potter, in 'Christian Work.')

'Now, boys,' said Mrs. Lee, as she left the dining room with the baby on her arm to soothe him to sleep in the cool, quiet nursery, 'be sure to do your chores well this morning; it helps me so much, and I have a hard day's work to do.'

The three boys, finishing their breakfast, started out with the intention of obeying their mother; but the morning was so pleasant that their minds turned longingly on certain pleasures which had been planned since the Saturday before and the very birds seemed whistling them out into the fields and woods, to say nothing of Jimmy Grant's signal sounding shrilly from beyond the pine grove.

'Pshaw!' said George, for whom that signal was intended, 'John and Martin can just as well do my share. I'm going.' And away he went.

John, being older and more thoughtful, lingered to draw two pails of water, then said to himself that it wouldn't hurt George and Martin to do all the work for once. He did not see George scudding away behind the wood shed.

So the fishing pole and box of flies which had been put in readiness the Saturday night before in view of an early Monday morning trip through the meadows, along the trout brook, were snatched in eager haste, and soon only Martin was left in possession of the general field of labor.

He carried in one armful of wood toward the boxful that he should have carried in, and then he, like the others, took himself away about business which seemed to him of a most pressing nature.

'John and George are a good deal bigger than I am, and I guess it won't hurt them to do all the chores this time without me to help, said he, and away he trudged through the dewy pasture, where it was full time that Mooly should have been eating her breakfast, instead of being shut up in the closely-cropped milk yard; and when Mrs. Lee came into the kitchen expecting to find her three boys cheerfully bustling around at their work, the first object that attracted her attention was Mooly's head reaching over the bars of the night yard, her soft eyes turned longingly in the direction of the grassy pasture.

Looking further for signs of delinquency, she found them is profusion; the tubs were standing empty, but for the two pails of water John had put in one of them; there was no boilerful of steaming water ready for use, no vegetables ready to prepare for dinner, and not a sign of the boys who should have done all this work was to be seen.

Mrs. Lee stood for a moment irresolute.

At least the cow must be attended to; so leaving all the rest, she started to drive her to the pasture, and before she had gone far, stepped on a rolling stone and sprained her ankle so badly that she could go no further, but sank down to the ground, quite helpless.

It seemed to Mrs. Lee that she had lain there, bolstered up by a rock, for a very long time, but in reality it was just one hour, when Johnny came hastening down the lane toward her.

'Why, mamma!' he cried, 'why are you here? are you hurt?'

'My ankle is sprained, Johnny. Can you help me to get to the house?'

Not one word of reproach did she utter, but Johnny knew all as well as hundreds of words could have told him. His mother was seriously injured and all because he and the other boys had failed to attend to their work, and left it for her to do.

No further words passed between them, but with Johnny's help Mrs. Lee succeeded in reaching the sofa in the dining room and then Johnny went swiftly over to the village for the doctor.

The boys looked in their father's face in fear and trembling when he came home at night, but he had a talk with mamma first, so that they found they were to be dealt with in the way she always chose to deal with them.

It was a mild and merciful way, but yet a whipping would not have hurt so much.

'So it seems that I cannot trust you to take care of mamma while I am away at work,' he said very gravely in answer to their questioning looks when he came out to them.

Not one of the three had a word to say. They were busily thinking of the times they had been guilty of doing just as they had to-day. To be sure, the consequences had not been as serious as this sad consequence of their mother's injury, but they knew that often and often she had been compelled to do their work, of their deserting their posts when their father was away at work, resting content because he supposed he could trust them, and never till now suspecting how unworthy they had proved themselves, because their too patient mother had not betrayed them.

Still, now that it had all come out, they were, it seemed, to receive no further punishment than those few reproachful words.

And they were enough. They went out in the old wood shed and talked it over together, the thought of their mother sitting so helplessly in her room all the time in their minds. After all there was not much to say.

'I didn't know you were going away,' said George.

'Neither did I know you were going,' said John.

'And I didn't know you two went,' said Martin.

Then they poked chips with the toes of their shoes and looked at each other. At length the whole matter was summed up by Johnny, the eldest of the three, in a few words:

'We'd no business, any of us, to go away till we knew every single chore was done,' he said.

'That's so,' agreed George.

'That's so,' echoed Martin.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

The president of the Southern Pacific Company, Mr. Hays, has ordered the liquor selling bars taken off the ferry boats plying between San Francisco and the cities across the bay, notwithstanding they yielded the company a rental revenue of over $50,000 a year. 'The Southern Pacific Company is in the railroad business, and not in the saloon business,' is the commendable sentiment expressed by President Hays.—'Temperance Advocate.'

Justice in a Hausa City

A TRUE STORY.

(From the 'Church Missionary Gleaner.')

A certain man of K—— acquired goods, a black cloak and a white one. He did not know that they were stolen. One day the men from whom they were stolen (they were three) saw their goods on the person of the man who bought them. They said to him, 'Where did you get these goods? They were stolen from us. Where did you get them—you?'

He said to them, 'I bought them.'

'From whom did you buy them?' they said.

'I bought them from some man,' he replied.

They said to him. 'We will give you three days from now to bring to us him from whom you bought the goods.'

He went, he wandered about three days, searching for him from whom he bought the garments. He did not see him. He came back and met those from whom the clothes had been stolen.

He said, 'I have not found him.'

They made reply, 'You are the man. You stole the clothes from us!'

They took him, they dragged him to the Judge, to the palace of King B——, King of K——.

He said, 'let them be taken to the Alkali* for him to give them judgment. The judgment he shall give it shall be done to him.'

The Alkali said, 'Judgment cuts off the hand of him who stole.'

The king said to the Dogari,† 'Go, cut off his hand, but give him thirty days, and it shall be said to him, "Go and seek him from whom you bought the goods."'

He went, he wandered about in the towns, he found him not. He came back to K——. The king said, 'The sentence cuts off his hand. Go, let his hand be cut off.'

He remained in the town mutilated; he continually sat in the market-place. One day he saw the man from whom he bought the things. He seized him with his left hand and brought him to the Sankurimi's** house. The Sankurimi took them both home. They passed the night there, and early in the morning he brought them both to the king, and said, "See! he who had his hand cut off has found the thief who stole!'

The king said to him, 'Go and call those from whom the theft was made.'

They went and summoned him.

'Do you know the things which were stolen from you?' said the king.

'We do know them,' they said.

The king said, 'Tell me.'

They replied, 'A black garment and a white one, a turban, a box of ointment, a mirror, a hanging chain of steel, and a charm.'

The king of K—— said, 'Such things are worn upon the body. Let him be searched. If any of those things is found on him, he made the theft. If one is not found, this man whose hand is cut off, he is the thief.'

The body of him who was last caught was searched, and the charm was discovered, and the box of ointment, and the chain; the mirror he had sold. They said, 'Yes, he is the thief.'

The king said, 'He who was last caught, let him be taken to the Alkali.'

The Alkali said, 'Judgment cuts off his hand, because he stole; it also cuts off his foot, because he caused the hand of another to be cut off who had not stolen.' His hand and foot were cut off.

The king of K—asked him whose hand had been first cut off, 'How much did you give for the cloak?'

He said, '150,000 cowries.'‡

'And how much for the turban?'

'Two thousand cowries.'

'And how much for the black cloak?'

'Sixty thousand cowries.'

The king said, '210,000 and 2,000 cowries make 212,000 cowries. Let 212,000 cowries be given him.'

He then said, 'Where is the thing that I shall give thee that you may forgive me?'

He replied, '550,000 cowries. They are the price of a hand which has been cut off—the recompense for a hand.'

The king said, 'I will give you the cowries. Only forgive me.'

The man replied, 'You made my hand to be cut off, although I was not guilty. I will not forgive you. My hand with which I wrote, with which I tilled the ground, with which I fed my family; my hand you have made to be cut off, although I was not guilty. I will not forgive you.'

The King of K—— wept, and said, 'I will give you a thousand thousand and a hundred thousand cowries—only forgive me!'

He replied, 'By the God of Heaven, O king, I will not forgive you. My hand, the hand which I had, I toiled with it—it was cut off. When men see me, they will say I am a thief, because my hand is cut off. Everybody in the town will think that I am a thief, I, even though I never committed theft.'

The king said, 'Go, and bring your family. Until you end your days on earth I will give you food to eat, your drink, your shelter—only forgive me!'

He said, 'O king, although you give me five million cowries, I shall take them, but I will not forgive you.'

He said, 'Oh, forgive me. Come, dwell here. Look at the house I give you.'

He brought his family, he dwelt with them in the house. The money with which he bought the stolen things (210,000 and 2,000 cowries) was first given him. The King of K—— gave him money for food and drink for a year, and a house to dwell in; he brought them, he gave him them with his own hands. He said, 'Will you now forgive me?'

But the man received them in silence: he said not a word.

King B——, as long as he lived, gave him food. He never omitted to give it. Now there is a new King of K——. He gives a little food, but not much. But he decreed that the carrying out of a sentence should henceforth be deferred for one year.

This story was told us by a pilgrim on his way to Mecca. He left K—— some six months ago. He himself knows the victim of the unmerited punishment. The unfortunate man still lives, although it is ten years since he lost his hand. It should be pointed out that Hausa men strongly condemn the man for his hard-heartedness in refusing to forgive B——.

I have translated the story almost literally in order to show the quaint way in which these people express themselves. In all Hausa towns minor theft is punished by cutting off the right hand.

The Hausa States are in the Western Soudan, bounded on the west by the River Niger, on the north by the Sahara Desert, on the east by Bornu and Lake Chad, and on the south by the River Binne.

These states contain fifteen millions of people who have never had a missionary living in their country. The Hausas are a very fine people, physically and intellectually. Theirs is almost the only African race which possesses a literature of its own; and their enterprise, commercially and as manufacturers and travellers, is remarkable. Since an invasion, a hundred years ago, by the Fulah tribes, the country as a whole has become Mohammedan, but it is uncertain to what extent this faith prevailed in Hausaland before that event. A large number of people, especially in the villages, are still heathen.

The country is now included in the British sphere of influence.

*The Alkali is the chief judge, and even the king himself cannot reverse his decision.

†The Dogari is a man who acts as chief policeman and executioner.

**The Sankurimi is probably the Prime Minister. A poor man can only gain access to the king through his aid.

‡About 2,000 cowrie-shells are equal to one shilling.

A Dog's Loyalty.

One of my brothers, when a young man, says a writer in the 'Contemporary Review,' owned a handsome Newfoundland, answering to the name of 'Skookum,' the same being Chinook Indian for 'good,' and amply deserved. When my brother married, Skookum was graciously pleased to approve of his choice and extended a courteous but distinctly condescending friendship to the new member of his family, evidently thinking that, perhaps, after all three might be company in spite of the proverb. But he drew the line at four; and, when the first baby came, his courtesy gave way.

He not only absolutely refused to come and look at the little tot and be introduced to the new member of the family, but, if it was brought into the room, would instantly either leave it or march off to the farthest corner and lie down with an air of offended dignity.

And yet the moment the baby was placed in his perambulator and started out through the garden gate for a constitutional down the street, Skookum would promptly range up alongside the carriage and escort it through the entire trip, keeping a most vigilant eye upon any stranger, canine or human, who ventured to approach his charge without a cordial greeting from the nurse-maid. The minute, however, that the gate was safely reached again, he considered his duty done and relapsed at once into his former attitude of jealous contempt. He evidently felt that, no matter how much he might disapprove of the baby personally and even feel free to express this feeling within the privacy of the family circle, yet the youngster was, nevertheless, a member of the family and entitled not merely to defence, but to respectful attention before the eyes of the outside world. As the baby grew older, he soon came to like him for his own sake; and they were the best of friends.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

The Rainy Day Club.

Twenty young ladies in a village received a little note in the same mail. It was as follows:

Dear Friend: Will you meet the young ladies of our church, at my residence, to-morrow at three p.m., to organize a 'Rainy-Day Club'?

Ella White, the writer of the letters, was a very popular young woman, who had just returned from a visit of several weeks to a neighboring city. Every recipient of the mysterious letter was interested. Those who saw each other before the time of meeting had many questions to ask, which no one could answer. But at the hour appointed every girl was in her place. They talked about everything else but the one thing that filled every mind, until all were assembled. Then a chorus of voices almost in unison exclaimed:

'Will our old dresses do, or shall we have to get new ones, with a uniform color and pattern?'

Ella smiled mysteriously as she said:

'Let me tell you a story. My cousin in the city, whose guest I have been for several weeks, is an enthusiastic golf-player. She tried to teach me the game, but did not succeed very well. I have to acknowledge I hacked my pretty white ball shamefully, and dug some surprising holes in the green turf, while I was learning. At last I began to be enthusiastic myself, and, if I had stayed long enough, I might have become golf-crazy, too.

'One Saturday we had a merry party appointed for the golf-links. When the day came, it was drizzly, with a raw, cold air that threatened to spoil our game. We all met at the appointed place for starting, and waited a bit to discuss the question whether or not to go. One jolly, sturdy girl laughingly said:

'"I'm not going to be cheated out of my sport by a miserable little drizzle. I am well protected from rain. My mackintosh and rubbers make me independent of the damp, whether it comes from above or below. I move we play in the rain. It will be something new, and splendid fun."

'A hearty shout of approval was the answer. It was declared carried by a unanimous vote. We did not mind the rain a bit, and we had the most enjoyable party of the season. The next day it rained. My cousin said:

'"Isn't it too bad to have it rain on Sunday? It is so slow and poky to stay at home all day!"

'"Why not go to church on rainy Sundays as well as play golf on a rainy Saturday?" I asked.

'"The idea! You can't wear your good clothes to church in the rain. I never think of going when it is wet or stormy. In fact, I never thought much about it—whether it was right or not. But it doesn't seem just the same thing to be able to play golf in the rain, and stay at home from church because it rains. Let's hurry and dress in something that water won't hurt, and go to church. How surprised our pastor will be to have some one in our pew on a rainy Sunday!"

'The congregation was very small. Not a young girl of our crowd was there. The young men we knew were also absent, with one or two exceptions, who were astonished to see us, and congratulated us on our courage. The pastor did not do himself justice. He seemed greatly depressed. He brightened up a bit at the end, and at the close of the service came to us and thanked us for coming out. My cousin seemed ashamed when the minister said, with a faint smile:

'"It does not rain quite as hard as it did yesterday, but a Sunday rain at church time is always wetter than a Saturday rain on the golf-links."

'Neither of us spoke as we walked home from church. We sat for a while in our room, thinking seriously, but saying nothing. Suddenly my cousin sprang to her feet and shouted:

'"Eureka! I have it! I will organize a Rainy-Day Club. We will get every young man and woman in the congregation to join, and agree never to miss attending church on a rainy Sunday unless prevented by illness."

'The Rainy Day Club was organized, and was a great success. Over a hundred young people were pledged to attend church rainy Sundays, and invite others to do so. The largest congregations are on rainy days.

'Now you girls understand what kind of a Rainy-Day Club I wish to organize.' The first Sunday after I came home was a rainy day. Not one of you was at church. The congregation was less than one-fourth the usual number. The choir omitted all their new music. The pastor seemed so heavy-hearted that I thought at one time he would break down. We can change all that if you will help organize the club.'

The idea was approved enthusiastically. The girls determined to pledge everybody to secrecy so that they might have a delightful surprise for their pastor. They took the choir into their confidence, and the chorister began to prepare a programme of church music. They divided the church and congregation into twenty divisions. Each girl took one division, and visited every person, and fully explained the plan. There was not a single objecter in the whole parish.

After the organization was completed and the programme arranged, the weather persisted in remaining fair and pleasant. Some of the girls were discouraged. But at last Old Probability predicted a regular cyclone. The fearful velocity of the wind, the terrific rainfall which the forecast announced, frightened the Rainy-Day Club at first. One girl, who had been enthusiastic from the beginning, said a little petulantly:

'We have been praying for rain, but we didn't want a hurricane. It's just the way with you girls; you always over-do the thing. If you had been moderate in your enthusiasm, we might have had a delightful storm, and water not too deep to wade through. Now we are to have a deluge, and how are we to go to church when not half of us can swim?'

Sunday morning dawned, and found the town just in the outer rim of the sweep of the storm. The weather was bad enough to nerve everybody to extra effort, but not bad enough to discourage anybody. Beginning about nine o'clock, a stream of uncouth-looking individuals, with bundles and umbrellas, began to struggle through the wind and rain toward the church. Every girl had a flowering plant. The local florist, who had learned of the plan the night before, sent a dozen of his finest palms. Nearly every home had co-operated in sending decorations, so that the pretty church was a mass of plants, palms, bouquets, and flags. As the organ voluntary began, the pastor's study door opened. He stepped inside the audience-room, and was so astonished that he stood still and looked around. He looked at the crowded church, noticed the beautiful decorations, and then saw by the smiling faces of the people that his surprise only increased their pleasure and delight. One enthusiastic young member of the club clapped her hands. The effect was startling. Everybody joined in the applause, and then gave a snow-white salute by waving their handkerchiefs. The pastor blushed, wiped his eyes, and at last bowed with a beaming smile as he started toward the pulpit. The choir began the service with a stirring anthem that quickened every pulsebeat. The first hymn by the people was electrical in its power and fervor. The pastor was so aroused that he outdid himself by the best sermon he had ever preached.

Just as the benediction was pronounced, the hurricane which Old Probability had predicted swept over the village. Such rain as pounded on the roof and against the windows had scarcely ever been known. The wind that howled and roared and shrieked and made the church tremble was the fiercest that any could remember. A scouting-party of men with rubber boots went out to investigate the condition of the roads. When they returned, they reported that the streets were flooded, and it would be an hour before it would be prudent for any one to go home. The report was received with laughter and applause. Everybody was happy. There was more hand-shaking that day, while the people waited, than had occurred for many years.

And the Rainy-Day Club is a permanent feature of the work in that village church. The members are so enthusiastic that they are jealous of the sunshine. Many of them eagerly scan the skies on bright Sunday mornings, and welcome even the sight of a cloud no larger than a man's hand. Not a few have been heard to exclaim, with a good deal of emphasis, as they went to church when the sun was shining:

'I am so disappointed! I did hope it would rain to-day.'—'Sunday-school Times.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Sept. 13, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Conciliation in the Coal Trouble—'The Evening Post,' New York.
The United Mine Workers' Side of the Anthracite Coal Miners' Strike—By President John Mitchell, in 'Collier's Weekly.'
The Settlement in South Africa—By a British Officer and J. P., in the Manchester 'Guardian,' II.
Population and Supremacy'—'The Outlook,' London.
Germany as Continental Nations see Her—'The Pilot,' London.
The Education Problem: Some Blots which Parliament misses—By Dr. Macnamara in the 'Daily Chronicle,' London.
On Educating Other People—By G. K. Chesterton, in the 'Daily News, London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Art in the Mountains—'The Academy and Literature,' London.
Two Modern French Composers: Camille Saint-Saens and Cæsar Franck—By Daniel Gregory Mason, in 'The Outlook,' New York, I.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Gather Up the Fragments—Poem, by Jessie Leete.
The Praise of Ole Books—Poem, by W. Harvey McNairn, in 'The Literary Collector.'
The Isles of Quiet—Poem, by John Vance Cheney, in 'The Outlook,' New York.
A Rondeau of Love Played Out—'Punch,' London.
Love-Making, Old and New—'The Spectator,' London.
Some Aspects of the Modern Novel—'Church Quarterly Review.'
Two Devoted Sisters—New York 'Times.'
Edward Eggleston—The Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The Husband of Portia—Letter to the editor of 'The Pilot,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Democratic Education—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.
The Value of Foods—'Chambers's Journal.'
Some Advantages of a Rainy Season—'The Lancet,' London.
Prof. Rudolf Virchow—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.

'WORLD WIDE'
$1.00 a year.
Special rate to subscribers of the 'Messenger,
Only 75 cents.
JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'WITNESS' BUILDING,
Montreal.

The Broken Pledge.

(By Florence Moore, in 'Illustrated Temperance Monthly.')

CHAPTER IV.

'Nan, child, where have you been?' said Mrs. Slater. 'The Vicar was quite sorry to miss you. He called to-night, knowing you are at school in the day-time. There's a treat in store for you, but I mustn't tell it till father comes in. Where were you?'

'Playing in the hayloft with kitty,' answered Nan. She did not add that she had seen Mr. Pratt coming, and had hidden on purpose. Oh! how she wished she had had courage to tell him how it was she had broken the pledge. She gave a sigh, and her father coming in just then, said:—

'Why, Nan, what a long face! Cheer up! here's a treat for you—a trip to London!'

'London!' exclaimed Nan, with delight. It had been the dream of her life to go there.

'It's to be the Band of Hope excursion,' explained her mother. 'Mr. Pratt says all expenses will be paid, except the rail fare, which is very low, so we said you might go.'

'What a lot you will have to tell us when you come back, eh, Nan?' said Mr. Slater, good-humouredly!

'Oh, thank you,' began Nan, then she stopped short. How could she go? she had broken her pledge.

'You look tired,' said her mother, 'now run off to bed.'

When Nan got upstairs, she burst into tears. What an unhappy girl she was! She had always longed to see London. She could not give up the trip; she had never intended to break the pledge, and it was all an accident. And the shame and disgrace if she did tell—Mr. Pratt's disapproval at her having kept the card so long—the other children asking why she was not going—oh! she could not face it! She took up her Bible to read as usual her nightly portion of verses, and as she did so, the little pink Band of Hope card, which had been put away lately at the very end, fell on the floor.

Nan picked it up, and the text on it caught her eye—'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

Nan read the words over and over again. They seemed to say, 'Yes, you can face it; all the loss of pleasure, and Mr. Pratt's disapproval at your long concealment; Christ will give you strength to do it, if you will only ask him.'

Kneeling down, she prayed earnestly, 'Lord Jesus, help me!'

When she rose from her knees, she felt happier than she had done for weeks.

CHAPTER V.

Next morning Mr. Slater pulled out half-a-crown, saying, 'Here, Nancy, after school run up to the Vicarage. It's your rail fare, and I

NAN HAS ROSY CHEEKS AGAIN.

should have given it to Mr. Pratt yesterday, only I hadn't change.'

'Oh, father,' said Nan, reddening, 'I mustn't go to London.'

'Mustn't go, child?' exclaimed her mother, 'father says he can well spare the half-crown.'

'Most certainly,' added Mr. Slater; 'so make your mind easy about that.'

'But I've broken the pledge,' cried Nan, bursting into tears.

'Why, you're dreaming, Nan,' said Mrs. Slater. 'I'm sure you've touched nothing but water, since you joined the Band of Hope.'

"But I have broken it, mother; in the hay field last month. Father offered me a glass of cider, and I drank it.'

'Well, child, if that's all, you needn't fret,' said Mr. Slater; 'say nothing about it.'

'But that wouldn't be fair,' said Nan. 'All the others are going, because they have kept their pledges, and I have broken mine. I ought to have told Mr. Pratt long ago, and I am not a member till I get a fresh card. I must tell Mr. Pratt, but I don't like to. He'll wonder why I didn't tell before.'

And a tear rolled down Nan's cheek.

'Cheer up, Nan!' said Mr. Slater, kindly. 'If it will make you happier, I'll walk up to the Vicarage with you to-night. I got you into the scrape, so I'm bound to pull you out.'

'Thank you, father,' said Nan, 'it will be much easier to tell if you are there; but don't give the half-crown please, because I couldn't go the trip.'

'We'll see about that; now run off to school.'

'I've fancied she had something on her mind lately,' said Mrs. Slater, when Nan had gone. 'You'll keep your word, Robert, and go with her? She's a sensitive little creature, and this has been troubling her.'

'I'll back her up, never fear, wife,' said Mr. Slater. He felt he owed Nan something, ever since the horsewhip incident.

Nan held tight her father's hand when she found herself inside Mr. Pratt's study.

Mr. Slater explained how he had offered the cider, though he did not say that it was at hay time, and the Vicar thought it had just happened, for he said—

'Well, you're a brave little girl to come and tell.'

'But I'm not brave, sir,' said Nan, 'I've kept it secret so long. It happened in hay time, sir, I know I oughtn't to have the treat—please tell father so, and I shouldn't enjoy it besides.'

Nan looked up now, half afraid to meet the Vicar's gaze, but she saw nothing there but a kind smile.

'Nan,' he said, 'you've done the right thing now, and I don't think you would care to go. You think you don't deserve the pleasure, because you did not tell me at once about breaking the pledge.'

'That's just it, sir. I tried to explain it to father, but he didn't understand.'

'I think you are right, Nan, though I am sorry for your disappointment.'

'My little Nancy must have something else then,' said her father, drawing her closer to him. 'Tell me, dearie, what you would like.'

Nan shook her head; she saw her father did not yet understand.

'Here is a fresh card to sign,' said the Vicar. 'I shall say nothing, but if your companions ask why you are not going, I should tell them the exact truth. They will respect you all the more for being honest.'

And Mr. Pratt handed a pen, and a little pink card to Nan.

Mr. Slater watched her earnest little face, as she gravely repeated the promise, and signed her name—Nancy Slater. How he longed for her simple loving faith and tender conscience!

He sighed, and something in his face caused Nan to whisper :—

'Dear father—won't "you" sign the pledge? and then we can keep each other straight.'

The words touched him strangely. 'Dear little lass,' he thought, 'how nice of her to put it that way, when it is I who want all the help. If I do sign and keep straight, it'll be her doing, bless her!'

Then turning to Mr. Pratt, he said, 'My little girl wants me to sign too, and I haven't the heart to refuse.'

The Vicar's face beamed with joy, as he replied, 'I am very glad, Slater; be assured you will never regret this step, and may you seek daily help from above to keep your pledge.'

Then Mr. Slater had a card given him to sign, and they knelt down, whilst the Vicar offered a prayer, that they might all have strength given to fight against sin, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

How happy father and daughter felt as they walked home, and their faces were so bright as they came in, that Mrs. Slater exclaimed :—

'So you're going the trip after all, Nan.'

'No, mother; but I don't mind, now Mr. Pratt knows everything. He was so kind; I've made a fresh start, and father has got a card, too, and we are going to keep each other straight. Won't you join too, mother?'

'Ay, that I will, and to-morrow without fail,' was the fervent reply. 'Robert, this is the best deed you've done for many a long day. Please God, it will be better times for us all now.'

Mrs. Slater sings about the dairy, and Nan has rosy cheeks again.

A Little Journey.
By Elizabet Johnson
The road that leads to Lapland
Is dear and distant home
The little traveller took when first
He started out to Rome
By Bath his journey led him,
And through Cologne's sweet air,
And all across Milk River
A pleasant stream and fair.
He passed the Sandwich Islands
And Turkey on his way
And tarried at the Table-lands
Where China glistening lay.
By many Falls he travelled,
Around Cape Fear he pressed,
And then to Lapland hurried on,
And paused awhile to rest;
Set from this happy harbor
Where Peace and Concord flow
To other lands—not Chili nois—
His tireless feet would go
By Little Rock and Sing-Sing
And Rheims he voyages on,
And rounding Cape Farewell at last
From mortal sight is gone.
And though in some far country
He travels still mayhap,
The lands where now his journey lies
Are not upon the map!

'It was all my little Nancy's doing,' said Mr. Slater to Mr. Pratt one day (they were great friends now). When I saw her willing to give up that big treat, and confess her fault so freely, when it was really I who had caused her to do wrong, I seemed to feel what a brave little lass she was, and what a selfish brute I had been all the time. And when she was signing the card, my eye fell on her wrist (I made that scar, sir, I've told you about it before), and I felt if I could do a thing like that "once," when drunk, I might do it "again," so I did as she asked me. I couldn't hold out. Oh, sir, and I do thank you too, for all your kindness. You have taught me where to go for strength to keep the pledge, and cheered me when the battle seemed too strong.'

'I have only delivered the Master's message; he is ever ready to give strength to all who ask him, but I do thank God I have lived to see this day, Slater,' as he shook the farmer heartily by the hand.

(The End.)

The Boy that Laughs.

I know a funny little boy—
The funniest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The schoolroom for a joke he takes—
The lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys, I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

—'Wide Awake.'

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 5.

Joshua Encouraged.

Josh. i., 1-11. Commit vs. 8, 9. Read chs. 1, 2.

Golden Text.

'Be strong and of a good courage.'—Josh. i., 7.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 29.—Josh. i., 1-11.
Tuesday, Sept. 30.—Josh. i., 12-18.
Wednesday, Oct. 1.—Exod. iii., 7-15.
Thursday, Oct. 2.—Deut. xvii., 14-20.
Friday, Oct. 3.—Dan. x., 10-21.
Saturday, Oct. 4.—2 Tim. ii., 1-15.
Sunday, Oct. 5.—Psa. 27.

Lesson Text.

(1) Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord it came to pass, that the Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying, (2) Moses my servant is dead; now therefore arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel. (3) Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses. (4) From the wilderness, and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast. (5) There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. (6) Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them. (7) Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest. (8) This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success. (9) Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. (10) Then Joshua commanded the officers of the people saying, (11) Pass through the host, and command the people, saying, Prepare you victuals; for within three days we shall pass over this Jordan, to go in to possess the land, which the Lord your God giveth you to possess it.

(Condensed from 'Peloubet's Notes.')

V. 1. Now after the death of Moses, described in Deut. 34. The Lord spake unto Joshua the son of Nun, who by divine authority had been already designated as Moses's successor by Moses himself.

Brought up in Egypt, under bondage, he must have known and had part in the great deliverance,—the plagues, the first passover, the crossing of the Red Sea, the desert march, the giving of the Law from Sinai. His first appearance in the Scripture narrative is as a commander of the Israelite forces in a battle with the Amalekites soon after the Exodus (Ex. xvii., 8-16), before the arrival of the Israelites at Sinai. He then became an attendant or aide-de-camp to Moses. He was one of the explorers sent out to spy out the land, and, with Caleb, stood up with great courage and faith against public opinion, which was ready to stone them to death.

2. Moses my servant, the one appointed to do my work, is dead. Therefore there is a vacancy. A new leader is needed. 'The workers die, but the work goes on.' Arise, take the place of the dead leader. Go over this Jordan, which lay below them at flood-tide, between the Israelites and the Promised Land. See next lesson. This command was a severe test of his faith and courage. The land which I do give to them, which I am giving to them. That is, the land of which I have long promised them the inheritance, and of which I am now in the very act of putting them in possession. 'The possession of Canaan by the Israelites is constantly set forth as a free gift of the divine favor'. (Gen. xii., 7; xiii., 15; xvii., 8, etc.). 'But while the donation of this land was an act of the Lord's free favor to the Israelites, the taking it away from the Canaanites was no less an act of his retributive justice—of such justice as it behooved the moral governor of the world to administer against a people laden with iniquity. Gen. xv., 13-16 proves this clearly.'—Kitto.

V.3. Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon. That is, every place within the limits specified in the ensuing verse. The expression also intimates the condition upon which the land was to be given to the Israelites: their feet must tread it as conquerors. As I said unto Moses, Deut. xi., 24, where the words are recorded almost word for word.

V. 4. From the wilderness. The desert of Arabia, where the Israelites wandered so long. This was the southern boundary. And this Lebanon. Called 'this' because visible from the region where the Israelites were encamped. Lebanon signifies white mountain, from its snow-clad summits. This was the northern boundary. Unto the great river, the river Euphrates. Their northeastern boundary. All the land of the Hittites. Descendants of Heth, the second son of Canaan (Gen. x., 15.) They inhabited the country between the Lebanon and the Euphrates. Monumental remains in sculptures and inscriptions have within a few years been discovered in this region, as far south as Hamath, and in Asia Minor. Unto the great sea. The Mediterranean, the western boundary of the Israelites. Shall be your coast, or borders. These were the boundaries of the land promised to the Israelites, so far as they were willing to take and keep possession. These were practically the boundaries of the kingdom under David and Solomon.

V. 5. As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. Joshua had the experience of Moses's whose lifetime as an encouragement to his faith. Moses had many a trying time, many a hard duty, many a danger and difficulty; and the God who had brought him safely and successfully through would not fail nor forsake the new leader. In every new difficulty before Joshua,—and they were many and great,—he could look back upon a greater one from which God had delivered Moses. But all his strength, as is all ours, was in God. The work was impossible to him without God's presence. With God he could do all things.

V. 7. Be thou strong and very courageous. Great strength, firmness of will, patience, and courage would be required to observe to do according to all the law. Because the temptations to worldliness and idolatry were very great. The people were but partially trained, and sometimes resisted authority, and rebelled against the restraints of the law. There would be a great pressure to turn from the right, because expedience or policy seemed to demand it. Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left. The path of duty is like a direct road to success, and moving from it in either direction leads to disaster and defeat.

V. 8. This book of the law. There was then a book of the law. With this Joshua was to do three things: (1) Shall not depart out of thy mouth. He must talk about it and teach it. He must make it the theme of his conversation. It must be a familiar book. All his teachings must be Biblical. (2) Thou shalt meditate therein day and night. He must study his Bible; let it be continually in his thoughts. No careless reading would do, but earnest, long-continued study, so that he might penetrate into its real and deepest meaning. It must be practically committed to memory, bound 'for a sign upon thy hand,' and 'as frontlets between thine eyes,' written 'upon the posts of thy house,' and on thy gates' (Deut. vi., 7-9; comp. Psa. i., 2). (3) The third thing Joshua was to do with the law was to obey it. The purpose of the study was to learn his duty. It was to be his rule of life, his chart on the voyage to success, a guide board on his way, a book of instructions.

V. 9. For the Lord thy God is with thee. 'Take hold of the promise, and keep that hold. Nothing so demoralizes the forces of the soul as fear. Nothing fosters fear like solitude. Only as we recognize the presence of the Lord, does fear give place to faith. Such simple, child-like faith in God has made more heroic souls upon this earth than the stoic could ever dream.'

V. 11. Pass over this Jordan. The Jordan was at flood-tide and seemed an impassable barrier. The command was a test of faith, courage, and obedience.

C. E. Topic.

Sun., Oct. 5.—Topic.—A searching question.—John xxi., 15-25.

Junior C. E. Topic.

MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

Mon., Sept. 29.—The commandment.—Ex. xx., 12.
Tues., Sept. 30.—Honor them. Lev. xix., 3, 32.
Wed., Oct. 1.—Hear them.—Prov. iv., 20-22.
Thu., Oct. 2.—Obey them.—Prov. vi., 20-21.
Fri., Oct. 3.—Cherish them.—1 Tim. v., 4, 8.
Sat., Oct. 4.—Gladden them.—Prov. x.,1.
Sun., Oct. 5.—Topic.—Mothers and fathers; how to pay what we owe them.—Luke ii., 51-52.

Alcohol and Disease.

(The 'League Journal.')

At the annual meeting of the British Medical Temperance Association, in London, Prof. Sims Woodhead, the chairman, said that those who were following the subject of alcohol were more and more convinced that total abstinence from alcoholic liquors was conducive to good health; and moreover that alcoholic liquors were in many cases not only exciting causes but predisposing causes of disease. He had been much interested during the past week in a paper on fatty degeneration of the heart. A careful examination of something like 150 hearts in which there was some evidence of disease, had recently been made, and it was found that a very large proportion were in some stage or other of fatty degeneration, due moreover in many cases to alcoholic excess. This, added Dr. Woodhead, was most important evidence, for they would find that all cases of fatty degeneration were said to be due to some other disease. Very many surgeons were rather on the lookout for other causes, and therefore when they came across cases which there could be no mistake about alcohol being the cause, it was as well to have such recorded. He would like to draw attention to an interesting paper on 'The Seed and the Soil in Disease,' by Dr. Dickinson, who looked upon alcohol as one of the most potent of all the most predisposing causes of tuberculosis. This, of course, was not anything new, for they had heard a great deal about it in the Tuberculosis Congress. But, unfortunately, from one point of

view, many of those accounts had been given by total abstainers; as such they did not always get the credit of being perfectly unbiassed, and therefore it was good to have support from those who did not belong to their ranks. Dr. Dickinson's conclusion that there was the same excess of tuberculosis among alcoholic patients, whatever their mode of life, was most convincing from the point of view that he was not pleading at a temperance meeting, but placing the facts before a number of medical men who were anxious to get at the cause of disease, and as such they must accept it as a very strong argument in favor of their position, that those who took alcohol were subject to disease in a higher ratio. He urged the importance of those present taking every opportunity of making themselves acquainted with these facts, and concluding, expressed his conviction that those who went carefully into this matter would sooner or later come round to their way of thinking.

Our Publications On Trial To January 1st, 1903.

To New Subscribers Only.

DAILY WITNESS	75c
WEEKLY "	25c
WORLD WIDE	25c
NORTHERN MESSENGER	10c

To any Address in Canada Or the U. S.*

*For Montreal and Suburbs and Foreign Countries, add for postage:

$1.20 in the case of the DAILY WITNESS.
35c " " " " " WEEKLY WITNESS.
17c " " " " " WORLD WIDE.
17c " " " " " NORTHERN MESSENGER.

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER.

Daily Witness, World Wide and Northern Messenger, three publications to January 1st, 1903, to a new subscriber for only ..... ONE DOLLAR.

Postage extra to foreign countries, also Montreal.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

Correspondence

Monkton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and I like to read the correspondence very much. I go to school every day and I like my teacher very much. I am in the second reader. I have a little over a mile to go to school. We live on a farm in Perth, about four miles from Monkton.

E. M. B. (Aged 7.)

Santa Cruz, Cal.

Dear Editor,—I live in Santa Cruz, which is about eighty miles from San Francisco; it is surrounded by hills, and is on Monterey Bay. Many wild flowers grow in Santa Cruz. It is a famous summer resort. I would like a correspondent about my age, which is thirteen.

My address is: Viola Van Wagner, 22 Franklin street, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Tavistock, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a reader of the 'Northern Messenger,' which I receive every Sunday at Sunday school, and should not like to be without it. I like to read the letters. My birthday is on the 20th of April. I have two parrots as my pets. I am eight years old ,and I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Hagel. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Bell. I live in the village. My papa is a veterinary. I would like to correspond with some of the readers of the 'Northern Messenger,' if they would kindly write first. My address is—

GEORGINA HEROLD,
Tavistock, Ont.

Star, Alta.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. H. G. Sparling. We had a lot of rain in June. It took away all the bridges, so I could not go to school. My father and mother have been in the country ten years. When they came here first there were hardly any settlers. But now it is pretty well settled. There is a small town one mile from home; in it are three stores, one hotel, one blacksmith's shop, also the doctor's residence. We have a small garden of vegetables, also some flowers. We have preaching every two weeks. They both live in Fort Saskatchewan. I have only one sister; her name is Amy. She is six years old, and in Part II. reader. I have only taken the 'Messenger' this year, but I like it very much, especially the correspondence, which I like to read. I am fond of flowers, and there are quite a number of kinds of wild flowers on the prairie in the summer. I live on a farm, a very short distance from the school. My birthday is past; it was on March 7,—a very cold time as a rule. I go to Sunday school.

ANNIE H.

Walford Station, Algoma, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We used to live in Leslie, Co. Pontiac, Que., but moved out here this spring. We like our new home very well. We can see all the trains from our door. I don't go to school; it is too far; but my sister and I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I have one little sister, aged four ,and one little brother, two years and ten months old. I am nine years old. I had a nice little colt, but it died. We have a little rabbit; we feed it clover and milk.

DORA L. S.

Brookdale, Que.

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the 'Messenger' very much; my brother and sisters read it too. I went to the English school last fall and was in the third reader. My teacher's name is Miss Mc Nalley, but since February, I have gone to the French school; it is only a few steps from our door. I live on a farm; my father has nineteen milking cows; I am learning to milk. I have only one brother alive and five sisters. I have a little sister and brother dead. Yesterday I was out to see my little cousin, Rachel Moore. I live a quarter of a mile from the post-office, Brookdale. I was nine years old last March 11.

ARNOLD M.

Blair, Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from this village, I thought I would try my best and write one. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and enjoy reading it very much. My teacher's name is Miss Bartley. I live in the country, and think it is the best place for boys and girls. I have a two-mile walk to school every morning. I am in the junior second book. I am eight years old, and my teacher's name is Mr. Hilborn. The Grand River runs along the farm where I live; my brother and I go fishing with our papa. There are large rocks along the side of the river and a large cave in them, where thieves used to live a long time ago. We fetch our water from a spring; it is sulphur water; it is a hard job to fetch it because the way is up a steep hill and is a qurter of a mile return. I go to the Union Sunday-school.

LEON F.

Foster Settlement, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. My birthday is on St. Valentine's day. I have one sister and four brothers. I live in the country on a farm, ten miles from the railway station and about twenty miles from the seashore. We live on the farm my great-grandfather lived on when he came here, nearly fifty years ago; it was about all woods. I have two grandmas and two grandpas living; they live quite near us; I go often to see them. My papa is a blacksmith, and he is away from home, working most of the time. I send you a list of names of people who would like samples of the Messenger'; among them will be some of my cousins around Boston.

LUCY M. R.

St. Onge, S.D.

Dear Editor,—I thank you for printing my last letter which I wrote before Xmas. My sister Louise is the only girl that takes the 'Messenger' around here, and I have never seen a letter from South Dakota yet. We have no school now, but next year I will be in the fourth grade. My papa is a farmer and we also keep a store and post-office. I wonder if any other little girl's birthday is the same day as mine, June 8. I am nine years old.

LAURA F.

Maple City, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, eight years old. I go to school; my teacher's name is Miss Mabel McCoy. We live on a creek called Myer's Creek. My birthday is on Oct. 12. For pets we have two dogs, and three cats. The cat's names are Collie, Bob and Blue. I have a doll named Lily.

MARY B

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

In all correspondence with advertisers in these columns, kindly mention the 'Messenger.' This will oblige the publishers of this paper as well as the advertiser.

The Witness

is the paper of those who appreciate ....

'Responsible Journalism.'

Sent free for a short time on trial.

Daily Witness, $3.00 a year. Weekly Witness, $1.00 a year. } JOHN DOUGALL & SON Publishers, Montreal

Soft
Harness
You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.
EUREKA
Harness Oil
makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.
Sold everywhere
In cans—all sizes.
Made by IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouse's Point, N. Y., or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

GOOD CANVASSERS WANTED

TO PUSH A DOLLAR PROPOSITION ON A

50% COMMISSION.

IT APPEALS STRONGLY TO THE BEST PEOPLE IN EVERY LOCALITY.

No experience necessary. No deposit required. School teachers succeed well. Must furnish minister's recommendation.

Address AGENT MANAGER,
P. O. Box 2234, Montreal.

LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at 10c. each, only 1 doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders and securing a few more agents for us. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every housekeeper buys one or more packages. You can earn this watch in a few minutes. It is a little beauty with silver nickel case, fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. Write to-day and we will send you the Flavoring Powders, postpaid. We trust you.
HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N. L., TORONTO.

EARN THIS WATCH

by selling at 10c. each only 10 packages of Ancient Chinese blue black **Ink Powder** and securing a few more agents for us. Each package makes five 5c. bottles (15c. worth), of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and **useful** that **everybody buys.** This handsome watch has polished **silver nickel** open face **case,** the back **elaborately engraved,** with keyless wind imported works, genuine lever escapement, an exact and reliable timekeeper. With care it **will last ten years.** Write to-day and we will send the 10 packages postpaid. **You can** sell them and **earn this Watch in a few minutes.** Western Ink Co **Box N. Y.** Toronto.

EARN THIS COUCH

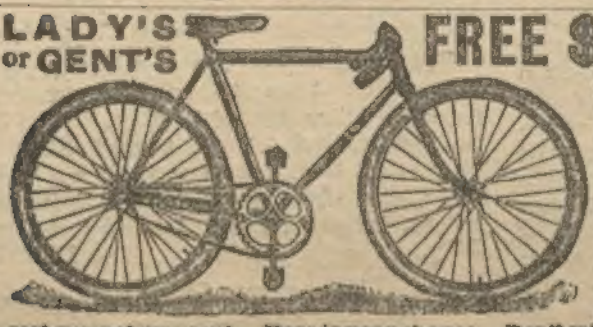
Handsome Velours Tufted Couch Given for selling at 10c. each only 2½ doz. packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to get a few more agents. One package equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Every woman will buy one or more packages. This elegant and stylish Couch has frame of best selected hardwood, mahogany finish, finest tempered steel springs, full deep spring edge, head and seat stuffed with best excelsior, upholstered in high quality, four-toned figured velours in all the latest colors, as desired, dark and myrtle green, peacock blue, maroon, old rose, crimson, etc. **Deep Tufting, full roll head,** ornamental rosettes, a magnificent piece of furniture that will cost you only a little of your spare time. Write to day and we will send the Flavoring Powders postpaid. We trust you.
HOME SUPPLY CO. BOX N. C., Toronto.

BARGAIN SALE

Remnants of SILK RIBBONS almost FREE

We have recently purchased several Thousand Dollars worth of Ribbon Remnants, in London, England, much below the actual cost of manufacture. We are thereby enabled to offer the lady readers of this paper **an immense bargain** in choice Ribbons. They are all from **one to three yards in length,** and some **3 inches wide.** Amongst these Ribbons are some of the very finest quality, Crown Edge, Gros-Grain, Moire, Picot Edge, Satin Ed e, Silk Brocades, Striped Gitteman and various other plain and fancy styles, in a variety of fashionable colors, **all shades and widths,** suitable for Bonnet Strings, Neckwear, Trimmings for Hats and Dresses, Bows, Scarfs, etc., etc. All first-class. No lady can purchase such fine Ribbons as these at any store in the land for many times our price. **Don't miss this Bargain. Mrs. W. Gallagher, East Clifton, Que., says:** "I consider your Ribbons the cheapest Bargain I ever got." Price, per box, only 35c., or 3 boxes for 90c. postpaid. Millinery Sup ly Co., Box N. S., Toronto.

LADY'S or GENT'S FREE $40.00 BICYCLE



Brand new, Lady's or Gent's, 1902 model. Not a cent to pay. All we ask is a little of your time. **A real Bicycle, High Grade, Brand new,** with every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled Diamond frame, all other metal parts made from best steel, well finished and handsomely nickel plated; good pneumatic tires, to match rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, new style handle bars, etc., etc. High grade ball bearings throughout—in fact a regular $40.00 Bicycle free to you for selling only 2 doz. handsome pieces of Jewelry, Hat Pins, Stick Pins, Cuff Links, Brooches, etc., that look worth 50c. at only **15c.** each, and helping us to get a few more agents. Please **remember,** you have to sell only $3.60 worth of Jewelry. **The Bicycle will cost you not one cent. Here is your chance. Don't miss it.** One agent says: "I am well pleased with my Bicycle. It is the easiest running wheel I have ever been on. FRANK CLEMENS, Tara, Ont." Write to-day, and we will send you the Jewelry, on credit, postpaid. Address, **The Canadian Premium Syndicate, Box N. B.,** Toronto.

JEWELLED COLD WATCH FREE

Gold cased, stem wind, double Hunting case, elegantly **engraved,** richly **inlaid,** set with **clusters of** brilliant, sparkling, imitation **Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., **fancy Gold Hands** beautifully colored dial, imported works, elaborately jewelled, and **guaranteed** to keep accurate time. This elegant Watch looks well **Worth $50.00. You can get it Free** for selling at 10c. each only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, and helping us to secure a few more agents. One package of our wonderful Flavoring Powder equals 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Everybody buys. Don't miss this Chance. We trust you.** Write and we mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. **THE HOME SUPPLY CO.,** Box N. J. **TORONTO**

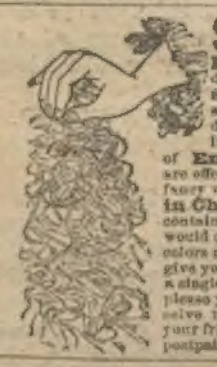
FREE GOLD CASED WATCH

given for selling at 10c. each, only 10 fashionable Gold-finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds, etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. They look worth 50c. and sell like hot cakes. This handsome watch is elegantly engraved in solid Gold designs, open face, stem wind and set, fitted with imported jewelled works, cylinder escapement, reliable and accurate. Looks worth $50.00. You can easily earn it in a few minutes. Write to-day for Hat Pins and we will send them, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. Box N. G. Toronto.**

97 PIECES FREE DINNER AND TEA SET

Elegantly decorated English China. 12 Dinner Plates, 12 Tea Plates, 12 Soup Plates, 12 Cups, 12 Saucers, 12 Fruit Saucers, 12 Butter Pats, 2 Vegetable Dishes, 2 Covers, 1 10-inch Meat Platter, 1 14-inch Meat Platter, 1 Gravy Boat, 1 Tea Pot and Cover, 1 Sugar Bowl and Cover, 1 Creamer and 1 Slop Bowl—in all **97 full size Pieces** of handsome decorated China **given away** for selling only 2 doz. packages of delicious Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders, at 10c. each, and helping us to secure a few more Agents. Our 10c. packages of Flavoring Powders are equal to 15c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and are far better. You can sell the whole 2 doz. packages in a few minutes. Every house-keeper buys one or more. This handsome set will not cost you one cent. All the **97 Pieces are full size** for family use. **All you have to sell is 2 doz. 10c. packages of our wonderful Flavoring Powders. We trust you fully.** Write to-day and we will send you the Powders postpaid. **Don't miss this Chance. The Home Supply Co., Box N. T., Toronto.**

SILK FLOSS ALMOST FREE

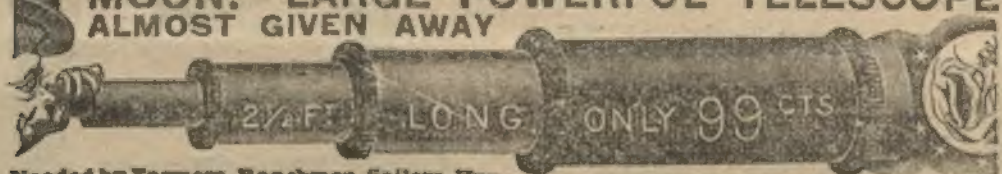


Pure, genuine, **Corticelli** Kimbroidery **Silk. Every imaginable shade and color,** in lengths averaging about one yard. We have bought direct from the largest manufacturers in the world an immense quantity of **Embroidery Silk** Remnants and are offering our Lady friends who are fond of fancy work **an astonishing bargain in Choice Silk Floss.** The quantity contained in one package, though in skeins, would cost over $1.00 and an equal variety of colors and shades would cost over $3.00. We give you all this for only **35c.** Our profit on a single package is very small but we intend to please you so well that we will be sure to receive many more orders from yourself and your friends. One package **35c.** or 3 for 90c. postpaid. Home Art Co **Box N. F.** Toronto

LACE REMNANT BARGAINS

Valuable, rich and elegant Lace for almost nothing. We have recently bought up an immense stock of Lace Remnants at about one sixth of their real **value,** and are offering some most **Astonishing Bargains.** These Remnants are all from **one to five yards long.** They are put up in large assorted packages, and include some of the finest White Laces, Linen Torchon Laces in exquisite patterns, Spanish and Languedoc Cream Laces, Black Chantilly Laces, Guipure, Valenciennes, Oriental and American Laces, Swiss Embroidery Trimmings, etc., etc. Just the thing for trimming underwear, dresses, aprons, pillow-shams, tidies, etc. **Don't miss this Grand Chance,** but order to-day. One large package 35c., or 3 for 90c. postpaid. **THE MILLINERY SUPPLY CO.** Box N. L. Toronto.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON. LARGE POWERFUL TELESCOPE ALMOST GIVEN AWAY



Needed by Farmers, Ranchmen, Sailors, Hunters, Tourists, etc. Of use to everybody. A great source of Amusement and Instruction. Made by the largest Telescope Manufacturer in the World. **Measures nearly 3 ft.** when open. Fitted with **powerful lenses,** carefully ground and adjusted with scientific exactness. Brass bound tubes, both ends protected by brass dust caps. It brings objects miles distant so close that you feel as if you could put out your hand and touch them. **We sold over 1,700** Telescopes last year and all our **customers** were **well pleased** with them and astonished at their cheapness. **William Stiles, Blackville, N.B., writes:** "Inclosed find $2.00, for which send me two more Telescopes. I am very much pleased with the one I got, and some friends of mine want one like it." **Alva Froom, Keckston, Ont., says:** "I received the 99c. Telescope all right. It is a dandy. I would not take three times what I paid for it if I could not get another one like it." **Beattie Gibson, Chilliwack, B.C., writes:** "Your 99c. Telescope brings objects miles away very near to me." Telescopes of this size have **formerly sold** at from **$5.00 to $10.00. Our Special Introductory Price only 99c. postpaid. A Grand Bargain.** Don't miss it. **Mail Order Supply Co., Box N.S.** Toronto.

FREE RIFLE

Sure death to Rats, Crows, Squirrels, Rabbits, etc. **Long Range. Terrific Force.** All steel barrel and fittings, improved sights, walnut stock. The best Air Gun made. **Given** for selling at **10c.** each, only **10** packages of Chinese blue black Ink Powders and helping us to get a few more agents. Each package makes 25c. worth of superior ink. It is so **cheap** and useful that **everybody buys.** Write for Ink Powders to-day. **THE WESTERN INK CO., TORONTO**

FREE GOLD WATCH LADY'S OR GENT'S SIZE

Double Hunting case, beautifully Gold finished and richly engraved in handsome Solid Gold designs, stem wind and set, imported jewelled works, accurate and reliable. A very beautiful Watch. Looks **worth $ 00.00.** We give it for selling at 15c. each only **1 doz.** fashionable Gold finished Hat Pins, with beautifully designed tops set with large sparkling imitation **Sapphires, Rubies, Emeralds,** etc., and helping us to get a few more agents. **Our Hat Pins** look worth 50c. and **sell like hot cakes.** You can **earn this elegant watch in a few minutes.** Write to-day and we will send Hat Pins, postpaid. **JEWELRY CO. BOX N. H., TORONTO**

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'